

have a tendency to die,
and you don't have to travel far to find examples
of people who are resting, not even on their laurels,
but solidly on the seat of their pants.

Still, why, when I spend a few hours with my kids,
should I find myself asking,
"Is this another insidious way of resting on one's laurels?"

Old man,
(which is what I think we called each other)
I realize that I teach shamelessly few hours
and that I have some of my summers off,

but still
sometimes I think I need a rest.

CHARLIE BURCH

Vodka and root beer?

I've mixed vodka with just about everything imaginable,
not just your tonics and juices,
but coke and milk and tap water,

and if holy water were the only thing available
I'd probably mix it with that.

But vodka and root beer?

That is an affront to human innocence,
to our memories of childhood-as-Eden,
to merry-go-rounds and bicycles and fishing poles.
Not even Dylan Thomas would drink vodka and root beer.

Smirnoff, your boys on Madison Avenue
have gone too far this time.
We're a corrupt people, to be sure
(what people isn't either decadent or hypocritical?)
but we haven't hit rock bottom.

THE FIFTY-FIRST WAY TO LEAVE YOUR LOVER

Chopped up in her flower pots.